


The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1848.

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{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XIX.

XX.

Close to the arsenal plac'd, two old Greek lions are standing,
Gate and tow'r and canal seem to grow small by the pair.
If the great mother of gods should descend, those lions obedient,
Both would be join'd to her car; she would rejoice in their strength.
Now they are mournfully resting; alas! there is ev'rywhere purring
That new wing'd tom-cat!—patron of Venice he's call'd. J. O.

* The winged lion of St. Mark's.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Don Pasquale was repeated on Saturday, with *Les Quatre Saisons*.

On Tuesday *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *Les Quatre Saisons* were the entertainments of the evening.

On Thursday, Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* stood at the head of the bills, and a version of the master-piece so named was played. We gave the cast in anticipation last week; the principal attraction was Mdle. Lind's Susanna, which made such an impression last season that it gave rise to much *causerie*. On Change, the morning after its production (last season) the newspapers were read with eager astonishment, especially by such stock-brokers as had purchased stalls and swallowed the performance. They had heard it with their ears, and it was one thing; they read it with their eyes and it was another. Yesterday morning betimes, after devouring the newspapers, we walked upon Change, although we neither broke nor bull, expecting to find a glut of money-dealers reading with their eyes what they had not heard with their ears; but we were disappointed. The cry was that Lind had played the night before, and therefore they could tell what would be said without reading it. On our way home we asked ourselves whose dogs were we that should snarl at the monster with many heads, &c. &c.

The house was crowded to the roof; every nook and cranny was alive with human eyes, and noisy with the clapping of human palms. As we looked around us from our squeezed standing-place in the pit, we said to ourselves, "Mr. Lumley is a lucky man if all these folks have paid the entrance fee." And then we doubted, like Pyrrhus the Sceptic; but soon the doubt stuck in our throats, and we turned our eyes to the Queen's box, where we saw the Queen and many courtiers. "The Queen," we thought, "likes Mozart, but she likes 'Jenny' better; but whose dogs are we that should question the Royal preference?—a living nightingale is better than a dead composer."

Soon Balfe entered the orchestra with pleasure swimming in his eyes; for Balfe loves Mozart, if he prefers "Jenny," which is a matter for conjecture. If Balfe had another band we should like to hear *Figaro* under his direction; he takes the times admirably, and proves that he has Mozart at his fingers' ends. His manner of indicating the various *nuances* of expression shows how well he feels the meaning of his author. But what else could be expected of Balfe, who has done so many things to prove himself a true artist and a thorough musician? What a pity it is he cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!—that he cannot create *tone* out of nothing—that he cannot make a fine band out of a handful of excellent artists and a host of decayed pensioners and unlearned striplings! But he cannot—nor Mr. Costa neither.

The overture to *Figaro* was played in excellent time, but the effect was as of a country-theatre band with an emphatic leader. There was no encore.

Dont be afraid, reader, we are not going through the opera piece by piece; it would be no such welcome task we can assure you; we shall confine our remarks to generalization, with a few saving clauses.

Mdlle. Lind's Susanna is a very "lady-like" performance; there is none of your *femme de chambre* in it, as in that of Beaumarchais, Mozart, and Grisi. Mdle. Lind is too much a woman of high life to descend to the vulgarity of chamber-maids, too modest to be pert, too refined to be jolly. It is true Susanna is a servant, who marries a barber; but Mdle. Lind, with great originality of conception, contrives to make her more of a lady than the Countess. Her acting throughout is calculated and primitive. She is active enough, however, and much more exuberant of gesture and motion than Grisi, who is for always being natural—a great mistake! although her motions are tentiginous and her gestures teratological—if we may apply the words to dumb show. In short, Mdle. Lind's Susanna differs from all we have seen before, and may be cited as a fine example of how the idea of an author may be departed from without consequence.

In the musical part of Susanna Mdle. Lind shines by the care she takes to steer clear of anything like effect. She sings the music of the master, and those who are unacquainted with her identity, and with the opera itself, and with the Italian tongue, would hardly be able to single her out from among the rest, so cleverly does she mix with the crowd. An encore was awarded to Mdle. Lind in the charming air, "Venite, ing nocchiatevi," which she sang with a playful absence of roguishness, justifying the assertion of the *Times*, that, "though placed in the midst of vice and intrigue, she preserves her innocence." To this encore, however, there was some hissing, and other opposition, which, though stupid, was obstinate and was re-manifested after the repeat. An encore was awarded to Mdle. Lind in the duet, "Crudel perche finora," in which she matched Colletti himself in weight of

emphasis. An encore was awarded to Mdle. Lind in the duet "Sull' aria," in which the voice of Mdle. Cruvelli (the Countess), *beaucoup plus pure, plus fraîche, plus sympathique*, out-musiced that of the "Nightingale." A double encore was awarded to Mdle. Lind in the fug-end of the quartet, "Ah dolce contento" (with Figaro, Bartolo, and Marcellina), which some enthusiastic wags in the upper boxes attempted to increase to a triple—but the "noes" had it. (*En parenthèse*, the disturbance made about this unpretending *coda*, which has nothing at all to demand comment, applause, or disapproval, is the most stupid instance of *clacquism* in the records of the opera. As well might you encore the last bar of "God save the Queen.")

These four encores were the sum of those that sprung from a predisposition of privileges with contingent considerations. The fifth encore, however—that awarded to the pretty song, "Deh vieni"—was of the very oil of palms, hearty and genuine as it was boisterous, and we pity the taste of those who so indiscreetly opposed it with noisy and unseemly hissings. Nothing can well be more purely expressive than Mdle. Lind's singing of this pretty and simple melody, which, though it demands no vocal exertion, imperatively requires an amount of feeling not always to be found. In the concerted music Mdle. Lind was always at home.

Mdle. Cruvelli's Countess was a very charming performance, and one which has elevated this promising singer to a higher place than she has yet held, with all her popularity, in public estimation. Among the best vocal displays of the evening was decidedly her "Porgi amor," and even better was her "Dove sono," which shared the honours of the evening with Mdle. Lind's "Deh vieni."

Coletti's Count, dramatically speaking, is his heaviest performance; vocally considered, it is entitled to commendation.

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Lablache's Bartolo is incomparable. The magnificent air, "La Vendetta," was, from his lips, a rich musical treat.

Madlle. Schwartz was not what we had anticipated in the music of Cherubino. Silence will be the kindest criticism we can offer on her performance.

The subordinate characters were insignificantly filled.

At the fall of the curtain after each act, Madlle. Lind and the principal artists were recalled in spite of considerable opposition. *Les Quatres Saisons* followed. The *Nozze di Figaro* will be repeated to night.

Meanwhile we are waiting impatiently for *Falstaff*, and we are waiting impatiently for *Esmeralda*. Let the Lind *furor* have its swing, but Balfe must not be lost sight of; his opera will give Jenny Lind "a lift," as the saying is, and she wants it just now, if we must be speaking in the Palace of Truth. Nor must Carlotta Grisi, the pearl of all dancers, be lost sight of in the whirlpool of the "Nightingale mania," like an animalcule in a hurricane. *Falstaff* and *Esmeralda*—Balfe and Carlotta together—would be an entertainment worthy to be served up without nightingales.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE subscribers had a great treat on Saturday. The immortal *Barbiere* was given with spirit, all the singers being in unusual vein. Persiani was in delightful voice, and threw the audience into ecstasies with her brilliant and wonderful singing in the "Una voce," and the lesson song. The large

of the "Una voce" was encored with thunders of applause; and the caballetta was demanded likewise, with which, however, the singer, very properly, did not comply.

Of Salvi's Count Almaviva, and Tamburini's Figaro, it is not necessary to say more than we have already said.

An enthusiastic encore was awarded to the overture, which was played with all the usual brilliancy and perfection of Costa's splendid band.

After the opera, Alboni gave her favourite scene from *Betty*, which, of course, was encored with such acclamations as only Alboni can elicit from an enraptured auditory.

Semiramide was repeated on Tuesday. Grisi and Alboni were in splendid order; the "Bell raggio" of Grisi was a performance of wonderful brilliancy, and the "In si barbara" of Alboni was so exquisitely pathetic, and so lusciously musical, that in the midst of an encore that proceeded from every throat, it produced tears from the eyes of many. We never recollect Alboni in more magnificent voice; her singing was a fountain which drenched the ears with jets of sparkling melody, and steeped the soul in delight. The overture, played with astounding brilliancy, was encored with acclamation, and the great duet, "Ebben a te ferisce," by Grisi and Alboni, in which each artist plainly showed how utterly she could leave competition in the rear, created such an enthusiasm as even at this theatre was without precedent. Tamburini was greater than ever in *Assur*, and Tagliafico admirable in the priest, *Oroe*.

La Rosiera followed.

After the Opera was produced an entirely new comic *Diverissement*, entitled *Corilla; or the Will*, in two *tableaux*, by Signor Casati and Signor Appiani; the principal characters were as follows:—

Corilla (a Young Dancer)	-	Madlle. Grahn.
Albert (her Lover)	-	Signor Casati.
Don Simoncino (his Uncle)	-	Signor Appiani.
Don Cicerio (a Notary)	-	M. Baker.

The action takes place in a small town in Italy. The plot is as follows:—

Albert, a thoughtless young man, has, by all sorts of dissipation, squandered away the whole of his property, and thus incurred the displeasure of his father. It happened, that in his travels he has met with a young dancer, with whom he fell desperately in love. But having no more money, as a means of living, he determines to become a dancer himself, which resolution still more exasperates his father, and to such a point, that, at his death, instead of leaving his property to his son, he leaves it to his own brother.

The father dies, and Albert, receiving the news, hastens home with his Corilla to take possession of the patrimonial estates, consisting of land and a beautiful country house. The will is only opened on the arrival of Albert, nearly one year after the death of his father. The action commences at this moment, and is divided into two tableaux, the first representing the interior of Albert's father's house, and the second the outside. Many friends and relations of the defunct Albert, his son, with Corilla, and Don Simoncino, his brother, are assembled to hear the reading of the will, all full of hopes. The will is read; but what is the general astonishment when they hear that Don Simoncino, brother of the deceased, is named the only heir! They are all displeased, but particularly Albert, who, in order to obtain the possession of his father's house, contrives with Corilla all kinds of means to frighten and annoy his uncle. The two lovers at last succeed, and persuade him to give up his property to a stranger lady, whom he afterwards discovers to be Corilla. At first, Don Simoncino is in a great rage, and wants to retain his house; but soon

afterwards, the affection for his nephew overcoming his anger, he yields to their prayer, unites their hands, and a merry dance closes the action.

The style of this *ballet* is the Italian *buffo*, which never has been, and is never likely to be, appreciated in this country. In England we like dancing more than mummery, and pantomime is only welcome in such an enticing shape as *Giselle*, *Esmeralda*, or *Le Diable à Quatre*, in *Alma*, *Le Delire d'un Peintre*, or *Manon L'Escaut*, or last, not least, in *La Sylphide*, where such accomplished artists as Carlotta Grisi, Cerito, Lucile Grahn, Taglioni, and Perrot, have a fine field for the display of a talent, which, from the variety and intensity of expression of which its full development admits, should rank very little below the purely histrionic, which has speech for its chief exponent instead of gesture. But the buffooneries of the Italian comic *ballet* are quite of another kind, and those exhibited on Tuesday night were little understood and relished less. Moreover, Signor Appiani is destitute of the humour requisite to make such things pass current. W. H. Payne would have been much more likely to enliven the dullness of the affair. However, let opinions be as they may, the action wants much pruning, as was plainly testified by the impatience of the audience, who, *à maintes reprises*, broke out into unequivocal manifestations of disapproval.

Lucile Grahn, however, brought the *ballet* through "with a wet sail," as the saying is. Her pantomime was very different from that which we have reprehended; it was full of vivacity and character. As a dancer, Lucile stands in no need of our praise at this time. She has long held a distinguished position among the most gifted children of Terpsichore. In characteristic dances she has few rivals, and in strength and daring as few can surpass her. Her *tarantella* was the perfection of ease and graceful *abandon*, and completely enchanted the audience, who honoured her with an enthusiastic encore. In a grand *pas d'ensemble* at the end, Lucile developed all that wonderful vigour and facility, all that neat and rapid execution for which she is celebrated, and warmed the audience into repeated bursts of applause. In this *pas*, by the way, the groupings are remarkably pretty, and moreover new, giving another instance of Signor Casati's happy invention and artistic knowledge of the possibilities of combination.

The music of *Corilla*, by Pio Bellini, is not very profound, nor is it remarkable for prettiness or vivacity. It is, nevertheless, very ably scored for the orchestra by Mr. Alfred Mellon, conductor of the ballet-orchestra, one of the most active, intelligent, and valuable members of the establishment, and one, too, whose claims to favourable consideration are apt to be unremembered by the public and the press.

At the fall of the curtain Lucile Grahn was recalled, and loudly cheered. By the presence of this admirable mistress of her art, the *ballet* at the Royal Italian Opera is raised to the importance which was accorded it last year by the name and talent of the famous Fanny Elssler.

On Thursday, the *Nozze di Figaro* was repeated, with its splendid and complete cast, for the second time this season, and taken all in all, the performance was, perhaps, the most perfect ever accomplished in this country. There was but one feeling on this head among the visitors; and never did a crowded assembly rise up from a musical entertainment at the end with feelings of more intense delight, or deeper gratification than the audience of Covent Garden on Thursday evening. Band, chorus, and principals, stimulated, perhaps, by the performance at the other house, all exerted themselves zealously and energetically to interpret Mozart's divine music with fidelity and power. The effect was unprecedented. Every

successive piece was more and more applauded, until at last the hearers worked themselves up into a state of enthusiasm.

The overture was encored with tremendous acclamations, and was demanded a second time by a majority of the house. The call, however, was not attended to by Mr. Costa. The other encores were awarded to Alboni in the "Voi che sapete," most exquisitely sung, and which created a perfect *furor*; to Marini in the "Non piu andrai;" to Grisi and Tamburini in the beautiful duet "Crudel, perchè finora," and to Grisi and Steffanoni in the scarcely less beautiful "Sull'aria."

It is unnecessary to specialise the singing and acting of Grisi and Tamburini in their two great parts, Susanna and Count Almaviva, who, on this occasion, were all that Mozart himself could have desired: nor is it requisite to particularise the beauties of Alboni in Cherubino, which is one of her most delightful performances; but we cannot forbear from mentioning the very fine singing of Marini, who was really great in Figaro on Thursday night. We have occasionally found fault with this artist on the score of incorrect intonation. On Thursday no such fault could be laid to his charge. He sang the whole of the music with great correctness, and gave the "Non piu andrai" magnificently.

Rovere's Bartolo is very good, but the music is something too solid for his voice. His reading of "La Vendetta" was excellent. Signor Rovere is a conscientious artist, and never deviates from the integrity of the author's text.

Signor Polonini's Antonio was a highly commendable performance; the same may be said of Signor Lavia's Basilio. Nor must we pass over Madame Bellini, who in such small parts as Marcellina in the *Nozze di Figaro*, and Barberina in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, is all that could be desired.

The finale to the first act was a performance nothing short of perfection. The band and chorus, from first to last, were irreproachable.

All the performers were called for at the end of each act, and the three ladies were honoured with showers of bouquets.

On Thursday next, by special command of Her Majesty, the *Huguenots* will be played for the first time. The cast is immensely strong, and includes the names of Mesdames Pauline Garcia, Alboni, Castellan, and Bellini, and the Signors Marini, Tagliafico, Luigi-Mei, Lavia, Soldi, Corradi-Setti, Rache, Tamburini, and Mario. Meyerbeer has written a new song for Alboni, and also, we believe, a duet for Pauline Garcia and Alboni. The musical amateurs and connoisseurs are on the *qui vive* to see and hear the performance, which, it is confidently anticipated, will surpass all the former doings of the Royal Italian Operamanagement.

LESSING'S DISSERTATION ON ARISTOTLE'S DEFINITION OF TRAGEDY.

Extracted and Translated from the Hamburgische Dramaturgie.

"Ἔστιν οὖν τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας καὶ τελείας, μέγεθος ἐχούσης, ἡδυσμένη λόγῳ, χωρὶς ἐκάστου τῶν εἰδῶν ἐν τοῖς μορίοις, δρώντων καὶ οὐ δι' ἀπαγγελίας, δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαινούσα τὴν τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν.—Aristotle.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some important and entire action, having a certain magnitude,—with embellished diction,—with different forms in different parts,—represented by means of agents and not by narrative;—effecting through pity and fear the purification of such passions.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 435.)

AMONG the French, Crebillon has the name of the "terrible." But, I fear, more on account of that terror which ought not to exist in tragedy, than from the right kind, which the poet considers the essence of tragedy.

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successive piece was more and more applauded, until at last the hearers worked themselves up into a state of enthusiasm.

The overture was encored with tremendous acclamations, and was demanded a second time by a majority of the house. The call, however, was not attended to by Mr. Costa. The other encores were awarded to Alboni in the "*Voi che sapete*," most exquisitely sung, and which created a perfect *furor*; to Marini in the "*Non piu andrai*;" to Grisi and Tamburini in the beautiful duet "*Crudel, perchè finora*," and to Grisi and Steffanoni in the scarcely less beautiful "*Sull'aria*."

It is unnecessary to specialise the singing and acting of Grisi and Tamburini in their two great parts, Susanna and Count Almaviva, who, on this occasion, were all that Mozart himself could have desired: nor is it requisite to particularise the beauties of Alboni in Cherubino, which is one of her most delightful performances; but we cannot forbear from mentioning the very fine singing of Marini, who was really great in Figaro on Thursday night. We have occasionally found fault with this artist on the score of incorrect intonation. On Thursday no such fault could be laid to his charge. He sang the whole of the music with great correctness, and gave the "*Non piu andrai*" magnificently.

Rovere's Bartolo is very good, but the music is something too solid for his voice. His reading of "*La Vendetta*" was excellent. Signor Rovere is a conscientious artist, and never deviates from the integrity of the author's text.

Signor Polonini's Antonio was a highly commendable performance; the same may be said of Signor Lavia's Basilio. Nor must we pass over Madame Bellini, who in such small parts as Marcellina in the *Nozze di Figaro*, and Barberina in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, is all that could be desired.

The finale to the first act was a performance nothing short of perfection. The band and chorus, from first to last, were irreproachable.

All the performers were called for at the end of each act, and the three ladies were honoured with showers of bouquets.

On Thursday next, by special command of Her Majesty, the *Huguenots* will be played for the first time. The cast is immensely strong, and includes the names of Mesdames Pauline Garcia, Alboni, Castellan, and Bellini, and the Signors Marini, Tagliafico, Luigi-Mei, Lavia, Soldi, Corradi-Setti, Rache, Tamburini, and Mario. Meyerbeer has written a new song for Alboni, and also, we believe, a duet for Pauline Garcia and Alboni. The musical amateurs and connoisseurs are on the *qui vive* to see and hear the performance, which, it is confidently anticipated, will surpass all the former doings of the Royal Italian Operamanagement.

LESSING'S DISSERTATION ON ARISTOTLE'S DEFINITION OF TRAGEDY.

Extracted and Translated from the Hamburgische Dramaturgie.

"Ἔστιν οὖν τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας καὶ τελείας, μέγεθος ἐχούσης, ἡδυσμένη λόγῳ, χωρὶς ἐκάστου τῶν εἰδῶν ἐν τοῖς μορίοις, δρώντων καὶ οὐ δι' ἀπαγγελίας, δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαινουσα τὴν τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν.—Aristotle.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some important and entire action, having a certain magnitude,—with embellished diction—with different forms in different parts—represented by means of agents and not by narrative;—effecting through pity and fear the purification of such passions.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 435.)

Among the French, Crebillon has the name of the "terrible." But, I fear, more on account of that terror which ought not to exist in tragedy, than from the right kind, which the poet considers the essence of tragedy.

This indeed should not have been called "terror." The word which Aristotle uses is fear (*φόβος*). Tragedy, he says, is to excite pity and fear, not pity and terror. It is true that terror* is a species of fear; it is a sudden, surprising fear. But this very suddenness, this very surprise, which is included in the nature of the word, plainly shows that those who originally introduced it, instead of the word "fear," did not see what was the kind of fear intended by Aristotle. As I would not recur to this immediately, let me be allowed a short digression.

"Pity," says Aristotle, "is claimed by one who suffers undeservedly, and fear by one like ourselves. The villain is neither one nor the other; consequently, his misfortune can produce neither the former nor the latter."†

This "fear," I say, is called "terror" by the modern interpreters and translators, and by the help of this substitution they have succeeded in plunging the philosopher into the strangest squabbles in the world.

"It has been found impossible," says one of the many,‡ "to come to an agreement as to the explanation of terror. Indeed, look at it as we will, it contains a superfluous word which prevents its universality, and limits it too much. If Aristotle by the addition of 'like ourselves,' only designated the mere similarity of humanity, because the spectator and the person represented on the stage are both human beings, though they may be infinitely distant from each other in character, dignity, and rank—his addition is superfluous, for it expresses a mere truism. If, on the other hand, he was of opinion that only virtuous persons, or such as might have some venial§ fault, were capable of exciting terror, he was wrong; for both reason and experience are opposed to him. Terror unquestionably arises from a feeling of humanity; for every man is subject to it, and every man, in consequence of this feeling, is shocked when some horrible accident befalls another man. Possibly some one may take it into his head to deny this with respect to himself; but this would be a mere denial of natural feeling, and therefore a mere empty boast, proceeding from depraved principles—no valid objection. If, while we are directing our attention to a vicious person, a horrible accident unexpectedly befalls him, we lose sight of the vice, and merely consider the man. Generally, the sight of human misery makes us sad, and the sudden sad sensation which we then experience is terror."

Quite right; only not in the right place. For what does this say against Aristotle? Nothing. Aristotle does not think of this terror when he speaks of the fear which the misfortunes of our fellows may produce in us. This terror, which overcomes us at the sudden sight of a corpse, is a sympathetic terror, and is included in pity. Aristotle would not say, pity and fear, if by fear he meant nothing more than a mere modification of pity.

"Pity," says the author of the *Letters on the Sensations*,|| "is a mixed sensation, composed of love for an object, and pain for a misfortune which may have befallen the object. The emotions by which pity is manifested are distinguished from the simple symptoms both of love and pain; for pity is a phenomenon. But how varied can this phenomenon be—

* The force of this passage is more obvious in German than in English. The word "Schrecken," which is the equivalent of our "terror," in expressing the object of tragedy, is in fact more like our word "fright." This fact should be borne in mind throughout.—TRANS.

† This is the opinion of Aristotle, as expressed in chap. xiii. of the "Poetics," but it is not a translation of any one passage.—TRANS.

‡ The author here cited is "Herr S—," probably Schmidt.—TRANS.

§ The edition in my possession has the word "vorgeblich," which means "pretended;" but I think it must be a misprint for "vergeblich" (venial), and have therefore adopted that word.—TRANS.

|| Moses Mendelssohn, grandfather of the composer.

come! Let the misfortune which is the cause of sorrow be altered in point of time alone; pity will be revealed by totally different characteristics. With Electra, who weeps over her brother's urn, we feel a compassionate mourning, for she thinks the misfortune has happened, and bewails the loss she has sustained. What we feel at the pains of Philoctetes is likewise pity, but of quite another nature, for the torment which this virtuous man has to endure is present and attacks him before our eyes. But when Ædipus is horror-stricken as the great mystery is suddenly cleared up; when Monime is frightened as she sees the jealous Mithridates change color; when the virtuous Desdemona is terrified to hear her generally tender Othello talk in such a threatening way; what is it we then feel? It is still pity or compassion. But compassionate horror, compassionate fear, compassionate fright. The emotions are different, but the essence of the sensations is in all these cases the same. Since all love is combined with a readiness to put ourselves in the place of the beloved object; thus we must share with the beloved object every kind of suffering, which is expressively called pity or compassion.¶ Why then should not fear, terror, anger, jealousy, revenge, and, generally speaking, all kinds of unpleasant sensations, even envy not excepted, arise from pity? From this we see how very incorrectly the greater part of the critics have divided the tragic passions into terror and pity. Terror and pity forsooth! Is there then no pity in theatrical terror? For whom does the spectator shudder when Merope draws the dagger upon her own son? Certainly not for himself, but for Ægisthus, whose preservation is so much desired, and for the deceived queen, who looks on him as the murderer of her son. If we confine the name of pity to the pain we feel at the present evil of another, we must distinguish not only terror, but all the other passions which are communicated by another,—from pity, properly so called."

These thoughts are so just, so clear, so elucidatory that it seems to us every one might—nay, must—entertain them. However, I will not substitute the acute remarks of the modern philosopher for those of the old one. I know but too well the merits of the former with respect to the doctrine of mixed sensations; for a correct theory of which we have but to give him our thanks. But Aristotle may, upon the whole, have felt something like that which Mendelssohn so admirably explains. This, at any rate, cannot be denied, that Aristotle either thought that tragedy can and should awaken nothing but pity, properly so called, nothing but the present evil of another, which we can scarcely believe; or he has included under the name pity, all those passions which are communicated by another.

It is certainly not Aristotle himself who has made that division of the tragic passions into pity and terror, which Mendelssohn so rightly blames. He has been wrongly understood. He speaks of pity and fear, not pity and terror; and his fear is by no means that fear which the impending misfortunes of another awaken in us, for the sake of that other, but it is the fear for ourselves which arises from our similarity to the suffering person; it is the fear that the calamities which we see decreed to him may strike us also; it is the fear that we ourselves may become the objects of compassion. In a word, this fear is a compassion directed towards ourselves.

¶ In the German, this passage from Mendelssohn, and especially this sentence, has a peculiar force from the word "mitleid" (pity), which etymologically signifies "suffering with." To approach this effect I have introduced the word "compassion," which is formed on the same principles; but then it is not compounded of English elements, and the word "passion" is never used by us as an equivalent for "suffering," except in the single case of the Redeemer.—TRANS.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

NO. XCII.

INDIAN PANTHEON, II.

A. U. M.

[These three letters form the mystic syllable of the Hindus. It is an act of high devotion to pronounce it inwardly and abstract from all outward objects. Thus an union with the supreme abstract being called Brahm, may be attained. Indra is the god merely of the sensible world, and is, therefore, but an inferior deity.]

Shut out the world—'tis mock'ry, madness, all;
 Shut out those pains by which thy soul is rack'd;
 Shut out those joys by which thy soul, attack'd,
 Into the slough of vanity will fall.
 Banish all thought—the aim of thought is small—
 Crush all remembrance—false is ev'ry fact;
 Suppress all action—mad is ev'ry act.
 Wait quiet till the voice of Brahm shall call.
 Darkness without is radiant light within,
 Death to the body, life unto the soul—
 Life to the bless'd, who over Indra reign.
 Quick, from illusive dreams thy flight begin,
 And let thy self blend with the one great Whole,
 Emancipated from both joy and pain.

N. D.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The last concert of the season, took place on Saturday morning; and exhibited the following programme:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in E flat (MS.) No. 2 H. C. Banister (*King's Scholar*).
 Aria—"Or la sull' onda," Miss Duprez (*Il Giuramento*) Mercadante.
 Song—"Dream-like days," Miss Law J. Barnett.
 Concerto in G major (1st movement)—Violin, Mr. Simmons Spohr.
 Aria—"Se Romeo," Miss Bellamy (*I Capuletti*) Bellini.
 Song—"Love springs from gentleness," (MS.) Miss Ransford Henry Leslie.
 Concert Stück—Pianoforte, Miss E. Child Weber.
 Selection from a Mass (MS.)—Chorus, "Sanctus"—Quartetto, "Benedictus," Miss Holroyd, Miss E. Holroyd, Mr. Cocking, and Mr. Wallworth—Solo, "Agnus Dei," Miss Ransford—Chorus, "Dona Nobis—Fugue, "Amen." H. Wylde.

PART II.

Overture, MS.—"The Pass of Killiecrankie" F. B. Jewson.
 Recit. { "Care compagne," } Miss Browne (*La*
 Aria { "Come per me sereno," } *Sonnambula* Bellini.
 Madrigal—"Fire! my heart" (1597) Morley.
 Duo—"Vanne se alberghi," Miss Ransford and Miss Salmon (*Andronico*) Mercadante.
 Song—"A lonely Arab maid," Miss E. P. Ward (*Oberon*) Weber.
 Trio in A flat (1st movement)—Pianoforte, Mr. Lindley Nunn; Violin, Mr. Simmons; and Violoncello, Mr. Horatio Chipp Mayseder.
 Aria—"Elena," Miss H. Reeves (*La Donna del Lago*) Rossini.
 Duetto—"Vivere io non potro," Miss Holroyd, Miss E. Holroyd (*La Donna del Lago*) Rossini.
 Chorus from Euryanthe—The principal parts by Miss Ransford, Miss Salmon, Mr. Cocking, and Mr. T. H. Baylis Weber.

Conductor, Mr. C. Lucas.—Principal Violin, M. Sinton.

The directors of the Royal Academy of Music have at last begun to act upon the principles which we and other members of the Press have so long and warmly advocated. If the sole object of the Institution had been to make good singers and good instrumental performers of the pupils, then should we have rested content with the doings of late years, and should not have found ourselves called on in the least to interfere. But one of the specific objects for which the Royal Academy

was established was to teach the students music, so that art might make progress in this country, and a foundation be made for a school of composition.

Losing sight of this object, the directors of the Royal Academy, until lately, seemed to care very little whether the student turned his attention to it or not, and left him entirely to follow the bent of his inclination. But, however much inclined the pupil was to persevere in composition, he was chilled on the very threshold of his hopes by having had no opportunity afforded him of hearing his own music. The press opened the eyes of the directors to this defalcation in their managerial policy, and straightway, like wise generals, who have found out the errors of their tactics, they changed their line of strategy, and assumed that which was pointed out to them as more national and consequential. In the last two or three concerts the directors have allowed the students every fair opportunity of having their works well tested with performance, instead of, as heretofore, shutting them out from all chance of a trial. The directors, having had the wisdom to perceive the errors of their management, and having had the honesty not to persist in their former line of policy, are entitled to the highest commendation from the public at large, and should receive it in sterling praise from every honest critic. Having said thus much, let us now return to the direct subject of our notice—the concert of Saturday last.

Mr. Banister's symphony is a most creditable work, displaying ingenuity in the treatment and skill in the instrumentation. The latter, however, is open to the objection, that the instruments are kept too much in one register, thereby giving rise to monotony of tone. This is the second symphony of Mr. Banister's which has been tried at the Academy Concerts, and, notwithstanding the objection we have pointed out, may be pronounced a decided improvement on the first.

Mr. Simmons, in Spohr's concerto, did not produce any very lively sensation. We are willing to admit nervousness may have had some hand in rendering his performance ineffective, and shall refer further consideration to another time, when we may have a better opportunity of pronouncing on his merits.

The *Concert-Stück* was perhaps beyond Miss E. Child's actual power, but there was so much boldness in her execution, and so much real feeling in her expression, that we are inclined to hope much for her *avenir*. She was encouraged by warm applause. A less difficult *morceau* would have been more favourable to the exposition of her talents.

The selection from Mr. Wylde's Mass pleased us as much by the refined taste exhibited in the choice of his subjects, as by the superior musical skill it evidenced throughout. There is a completeness and unity of design in this work which proves Mr. Wylde versed in all the best compositions of this class, and shows that he has thought and studied with intensity, and neither in vain. The "Agnus Dei" is a charming melody, and is treated admirably. The final fugue betokens Mr. Wylde's great ability in compositions of the severe school. Both these were much admired, and were received with considerable applause. The "Benedictus" also is deserving of high praise. All three pieces were tolerably rendered by the singers, though a rehearsal or two more would not have damaged the effect.

Mr. F. B. Jewson's overture is brilliant and effective, but was sadly marred in the execution. We should like much to have an opportunity of hearing this piece tried in an efficient manner, that we might be the better able to pronounce on what appeared to us its decided merits.

We must pass over with a word the remainder of the per-

formances, few of which appeared to us to possess any striking excellence.

We should select as exceptions, however, Mr. Leslie's elegant and well-written song, charmingly and feelingly interpreted by Miss Ransford; Miss Browne's air from *Sonnambula*, in which she displayed no mean promise; Miss Ransford and Miss Salmon's duet from *Andronico*; Miss E. P. Ward's song from *Oberon*; and, best of all, Miss Reeves' air from *La Donna del Lago*. The last-named young lady has a good voice, and already exhibits great talent as a vocalist. With these observations, we conclude our notices of the Royal Academy concerts for the year of Grace One Thousand Eight hundred and Forty Eight.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

NO. XXII.

In the wind the branch may bend,
Sways the bird and sings—
Stem and stalk beneath him rend,
Spreads he wide his wings.
Troubled, struggling, and unblessed,
Tears its doom from birth,
Frailer and less certain rest
Findeth Art on earth.
Bird-like, self-borne, and sublime
Over human wrong,
Rises, quenchless through all time,
Art's eternal song.

NO. XXIII.

WHILE Eros slept,
Psyche from dream and slumber drew
The jealous quilt of night;
Awakened by the light,
Home to Olympus Eros flew,
And Psyche wept.
The wish controul,
Wouldst thou the fashion of delight
Too curiously define;
Pause, while the joy is thine—
Startled by knowledge into flight,
It quits thy soul.

C. R.

PRIVATE AMATEUR MUSIC.

We are glad to find that musical knowledge, and a love for the best music is making rapid progress in the higher circles, and that societies are being formed among the aristocracy, constituted of vocalists and instrumentalists, who meet for the practice of dramatic music. Great advantage must accrue to the vocalist from learning to sing with an orchestra. The combined effects of a band and chorus in the interpretation of the dramatic works of the great writers of operas, Italian, German, French and English, will be found more interesting than the ambitious displays of amateur vocalisation with mere accompaniment of pianoforte.

Since the Saltoun club has ceased to exist, the amateurs have not been organised for this purpose until the present year, and the following programmes of music performed by thirty-six amateurs, under the direction of Mr. Ella, at the residence of the Right Honourable Sir George Clerk, Bart., have, we are assured, proved the most brilliant, entertaining, and effective private concerts of the season.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1848.

PART I.

SELECTIONS FROM THE "HUGUENOTS," (Instrumental and Vocal).—
1. Introduction instrumental, Chorus of Nobles, "Song of Roaul,"
Bacchanal Chorus. 2. Chorale, Solo and Chorus (arranged). 3. Cava-

tine du Page, "Nobles Seigneurs." 4. "Chœur des Baigneuses."
5. Conjunction, Solo, Quartet, and Chorus. 6. Benediction des Poignards, Finale Fourth Act. Madrigal.

PART II.

SELECTIONS FROM "GUILLAUME TELL."—1. Overture. 2. "Chœur des Paysans." 3. "Romance des Pêcheurs," Flute, Solo. 4. Melcthal invite les paysans à célébrer le travail, l'hymen et l'amour. Solo, Sestet, et Chœur. 5. Chœur des Paysans, Tutti. 6. Musique des Paysans qui arrivent à la Fête. 7. Sinfonie et Prière. 8. Chœur du Chasse. 9. Couvre Feu, "Voici la Nuit," and Chasse à la distance.

Executants, Amateurs—Directeur, Mr. J. Ella.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1848.

PART I.

Selection from "Robert le Diable." Meyerbeer.
Introduction, Chœur—"Versez à tasses pleines."
Chœur—"Accourez au devant d'elle."
Entr'acte et Cavatine, "Robert, toi que j'aime."
Coro Pastorale—"L'Asia in faville" Rossini.
Quartet et Coro—"Alziam gli evviva" Weber.
Selection from "Les Huguenots" Meyerbeer.
Chœur des Baigneuses—"Jeunes Beautés."
Cavatine du Page—"Nobles Seigneurs."
Bénédiction des Poignards—"Gloire au Dieu vengeur."
Finale, Fourth Act—"Pour cette cause sainte."

Madrigal.

PART II.

Selection from "Guillaume Tell." Rossini.
Overture
Introduction, Chœur—"Quel jour serein,"
Air du Pêcheur, Flute, Solo.
Solo, Sestet, et Chœur—"Melcthal invite les paysans
à célébrer le travail, l'hymen et l'amour."
Chœur—"Pres des torrens qui grondent."
Musique des Paysans qui arrivent à la Fête, Orchestra.
Prière—"Ciel qui du Monde est la parure."
Chœur de Chasseurs—"Quelle sauvage harmonie,"
(Second Act.)
Chœur de Suissees—"Voici la Nuit."
Chasse à la distance.
Musique et Chœur Tyrolien, (Third Act.)

Executants, Amateurs—Directeur, Mr. Ella.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12.

PART I.

Selection from *Robert le Diable* Meyerbeer.
Introduction, Chœur—"Versez à tasses pleines."
Air et Chœur de Dames—"En vain j'espère."
Chœur—"Accourez au devant d'elle."
Duo—"Ardon già le sacre faci," (*Elena di Feltro*) Mercadante.
Selection from *Fra Diavolo* Auber.
Introduction, Chœur Militaire, Duettino, Arietta et
Tutti.
Prière—"Oh Sainte Vierge."
Finale—"Victoire."

Madrigal.

PART II.

Selection from *La Gazza Ladra* Rossini.
Overture.
Introduction—"O che giorno fortunato."
Solo e Coro—"Cantiamo, beviamo."
Coro Pastorale—"L'Asia in faville" Rossini.
Solo e Coro—"Dolce Zeffiro" (*La Favorita*) Donizetti.
Selection from *Moise* Rossini.
Introduction—"Dieu puissant."
Chœur Egyptien—"La douce Aurore."
Cantique—"Chantons, bénissons."

The music for the band scored for the occasion was executed by four violins, two violas, two violoncellos, contra basso, duets for the pianoforte, two flutes, and cornet-à-piston; the executants comprising the Earl of Falmouth, Hon. Mr. Parsons, Mr. Lukin, Mr. Mendez, Colonel Hamilton, Sir Archibald Macdonald, and the ladies and gentlemen members of the Right Hon. Baronet's family. Mrs. Gaze sang most brilliantly, assisted also by Lady de Vere, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Jekyll, Miss Standish, Colonel Torrens, and a chorus of eighteen ladies and gentlemen.

MUSIC AT YORK.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE last subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, which is composed of many of the principal leading musical amateurs of York, was given in the Grand Egyptian Hall of the Great Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening, in presence of a brilliant assemblage of rank, fashion, and beauty. The magnificent and spacious room was lighted up in the most splendid style, and the crowded and distinguished audience gave it the appearance of a beautiful flower garden. The principal vocal artistes engaged, were Madame D'Okolsky, and M. Massol. Madame D'Okolsky, who possesses a contralto voice, is not much known in this country, having we believe, only been in England about a month or six weeks. We have no doubt when she has been heard, she will become as popular as she has been at Milan and Vienna. M. Massol's voice is a very powerful barytone of extensive range and beautifully mellow quality; he is a singer of great and deserved celebrity, and much interest was attached to his first appearance in York. The first part of the concert commenced with Mozart's symphony in C, which was performed by an efficient orchestra in good style. The aria, "Ah no la rosa e mia," was sung by Madame D'Okolsky, and elicited great applause. M. Massol's singing of Donizetti's recit. and aria of "Léonor viens," from *La Favorita*, took the audience by surprise, and the duo of "Il questa suola," from the same opera, sang by Madame D'Okolsky and M. Massol, a delightful performance, decidedly the gem of the evening, was highly appreciated and loudly applauded. The first part concluded with Beethoven's fine overture to Prometheus. The second part commenced with Romberg's very dry overture to Don Mendoza, which went, however, remarkably well. Madame D'Okolsky sang Donizetti's scena ed aria finale "Figli tacete," from *Zonada di Granata*, and called forth warm applause. M. Massol next sang the aria "Le temps sont accomplis" from Vogel's opera *Le Jugement Dernier*, which allowed him very great scope for the display of his powerful and flexible voice; this should have been accompanied by the full orchestra, instead of the pianoforte alone, for songs of its class are most effective when the imagination is assisted and the singer supported by a band which can give proper effect to the instrumentation. Next followed Calcott's glee "Abelard," which was sung in a correct and effective style. Madame D'Okolsky then sang Dessauer's ballad "Spanish Lied," and was encored. The concert concluded with Hummel's overture in B flat, played with great spirit. The band was ably led by Dr. Camidge, and Mr. Shaw presided at the pianoforte. The concert was followed by a ball, which was kept up until a late hour.

MR. MACREADY AND THE DRAMA.

[THE following we have extracted from a very clever article which appeared in *The Chronicle* the day after the Macready demonstration at Drury Lane. As is usual with the dramatic notices of its intelligent writer it contains much that is apt to the moment, and well worthy of serious consideration.—ED. M. W.]

THIS wreck of a theatre so long the resort of wild beasts, maskers, and mummers of all sorts and nations, was last night furnished up for "one night only" of legitimate drama, the entertainments being "commanded by Her Majesty," for the farewell benefit of Mr. Macready, "previous to his departure for America." Rather tantalizing this for the admirers of native talent, to be called upon to witness one blaze of the star which has so long held aloof from their admiring gaze; and then to see it vanishing from our hemisphere across the broad Atlantic. Mr. Macready, by the way, has

been long enough absent from the stage to have gone and returned many times from America in the interim; and probably, but for "the royal command," so graciously vouchsafed to him, he might have taken his departure now, without thinking of going through the painful ceremony of leave-taking. As it is, let us be thankful for what crumbs fall to our lot, and, wishing the distinguished actor "good speed," proceed to notice the performance got up last evening on this august occasion.

The entertainments consisted of three acts of Shakspeare's *King Henry the Eighth*, which the bill says "terminate with the fall of Cardinal Wolsey;" and Colman's comedy of the *Jealous Wife*, compressed into three acts. To explain these acts of curtailment and compression, it may only be necessary to observe—that Mr. Macready played Cardinal Wolsey, which personage does not appear on the stage after the third act, and that Mr. Macready also playing Mr. Oakley in the comedy, all matter which did not involve that character was judiciously expunged—the "doctrine of the stars" now-a-days being, that the less the interest of the audience is divided over a variety of characters—in short, the more nearly dramatic performances may be concentrated into monodramas, the better the "effect." In the face of such principles as these, what signifies it that Shakspeare, who lived in a less enlightened age—an age when there were no "stars"—should have thought differently upon the subject, and laboured to produce dramatic interest by the confluence of contending passions animating various personages, all brought with admirable skill—however misdirected—into natural relationship with one another? If Shakspeare had lived in these days, he would doubtless have been taught better; and putting his *Henry the Eighth*, his *Queen Katherine*, his *Cromwell*, and his *Cranmer*, into the smallest possible compass, and as faintly as possible coloured, have called his historical play—not *Henry the Eighth*, but "Cardinal Wolsey." He would also perhaps have been induced to alter the plan of his work, as relates to the conclusion of the history of that personage; and, at the instance of some great actor of the day, have allowed the Cardinal to assist at his own death-bed, instead of relating the touching incident in narrative, through the mouths of others, as he has done in his actual text. This would have averted from Mr. Macready the painful necessity (for we cannot conceive he did it without some feelings of compunction), of cutting out the whole of the fourth act (to say nothing of the fifth), one of the grandest and most pathetic scenes ever written even by Shakspeare himself, but which could not possibly be represented with any advantage, the Wolsey of the evening not being personally engaged in it. He would also have learned to treat the haughty Queen Katherine with the indifference she deserved; and having "sent her out of court" in the second act, have troubled his head no more about her fate, instead of allowing her, as he does in the said fourth act, to prate about her sufferings, and to die of a broken heart, after showing her fine Christian and queen-like spirit in sympathising with the fate of the fallen Cardinal, and her still devoted and forgiving love for her royal lord, who had so grossly and cruelly wronged her.

As it is, Mr. Macready and Shakspeare are clearly at variance. The latter intended Katherine—the magnanimous Queen—the tender, patient, suffering woman—for the principal object of interest in his drama; Mr. Macready considers that Wolsey is the one character of engrossing importance; and that nothing should be suffered to divert the interest of the spectator from this great part, impersonated as it is by himself. On some future occasion, perhaps, when reviving this

play, he may devise some means by which the Cardinal (or at least his ghost) may be able to deliver Shakspeare's fine lines describing his character and sad exit from the world, now divided between *Queen Katherine* and *Cromwell*; and he might also, in order to sacrifice as little as possible of the great poet's ideas, manage to relate the manner of *Katherine's* death into the bargain—an incident which now concludes the beautiful scene to which we refer. Some arrangement of this kind, really appears to be necessary, as, according to the ill-conceived plot of the poet, the death of *Queen Katherine* forms the only appropriate conclusion to the important events of the first and second acts, besides clearing away for that of the fifth, in which *King Henry the Eighth* becomes father of Elizabeth, the future Queen of England.

But indeed we cannot sufficiently reprobate the practice of taking liberties with the author's work, so lavishly carried out on the present occasion. It is one which evidences little respect for our drama, little of that desire to promote the restoration of it to its former standing, which is now so deeply felt by a large body of the public. We regret, indeed, that Mr. Macready should have been the man, of all others, to be guilty of it, and more especially on an occasion like the present, when the patronage of her Majesty was graciously given, with an intention, doubtless, of encouraging the long dormant energies of players and playgoers. In the hasty manner, also, in which the pieces so mutilated have been got up, in a theatre without a company, and by a gentleman who could only seek amongst the disengaged members of the profession for the necessary means of filling up all other parts but his own, it could hardly be expected that such a performance could result, which would afford her Majesty a fair idea of the actual position of the art in this country.

FOREIGN AND NATIVE TALENT.

(From *Ella's Record*.)

It will be seen in the following summary of artists who have successively performed at the concerts of the Musical Union, that, true to their creed, the most efficient professors, without distinction of clime or colour, have had their share in contributing to the prosperity of our institution. During the first season, in 1845, there were engaged at the performances—12 Englishmen, 7 Frenchmen, 6 Germans, 3 Italians, 2 Belgians, and 1 Spaniard. In the second season, in 1846—9 Englishmen, 6 Frenchmen, 6 Germans, 4 Italians, 2 Belgians, and 2 Spaniards. In 1847—9 Germans, 7 Englishmen, 4 Frenchmen, 1 Belgian, 2 Spaniards, and 1 Italian. In the present season, 1848—7 Englishmen, 5 Germans, 4 Frenchmen, 2 Spaniards, 1 Russian, and 1 Italian. The names of the artists are printed in the order they first appeared in the programmes of each season; and it may, without exaggeration be said, that they include many of the most brilliant musical geniuses of the age. The list of composers, whose works have adorned our programmes, is alone sufficient to impress the stranger with the high character of our performances.

First Violin—Sainton, Deloffre, Blagrove, Vieuxtemps, Sivori, Hellmesberger, J., Hellmesberger, G., Joachim, Molique, Herrmann.

Second Violin—Deloffre, Goffrie, Nadaud, Thirlwall.

Viola—Hill, Ella, Nadaud, Tolbecque, Blagrove, R., Hellmesberger, J., Hellmesberger, G., Mellon.

Violoncello—Rousselot, Hausmann, Goodban, Pilet, Hancock, Lucas, Kellerman, Piatti.

Contra-Basso, Casolani, Howell. *Flute*, Ribas. *Oboe*, Barret. *Bassoon*, Baumann. *Horn*, Puzzi, Harper, C., Jarrett.

Pianists—Roedel, Anderson, Mrs., Benedict, Bennett, W. S., Kuhé, Osborne, Meyer, L., Sloper, L., Oury, Mde., Pleyel, Mde., Schuloff, Dulcken, Mde., Billet, Hallé.

Clarionets—Lazarus and Boosé.

Vocalists—Pischek, De Mendi, Mdle., Viardot Garcia, Mde.

Composers—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mayseder, Onslow, Spohr, Weber, Hummel, Bennett, W. S., *Hatton, *Benedict, Maurer, *Spiers, Osborne, Romberg, Schubert, Schumann, *Luders, *Kreutzer, Hellmesberger, Franchomme, Heller, Hallé, Mendelssohn.

* Vocal Writers.

To act with firmness, from conviction of right, is the duty of every one to whom is confided the direction of organised institutions; to persist against timely advice would be sheer obstinacy; but, safely to avert the common errors of judgment and consequences of nepotism, of which men in power are sometimes accused, it should be exacted, as a guarantee of good faith, that a musical director possess practical knowledge of his art, and be superior to the temptation of serving friends at the sacrifice of justice. It is satisfactory to those amateurs who support this institution to know that the royal and noble patrons of the committee are all practically acquainted with music, and are best able to appreciate the integrity of its management.

The same principle which governs our actions in directing the Musical Union, we have adopted for guide throughout our professional life. To the best of our ability we discharged the onerous duties of critic and reviewer in daily and weekly journals for several years, and have shared the fate which falls to the lot of those who publish opinions. All the musical articles for many seasons, which appeared in the *Morning Post*, urging the directors of the Philharmonic Concerts to reorganise and improve their orchestra, proceeded from our pen, and, though violently opposed, we have lived long enough to see all our suggestions by degrees carried into practice with great success. We can well afford to smile at the changes which time has effected in some men's minds. When we first reformed the system of having a multiplicity of conductors and leaders, and selected Signor Costa as possessing those attributes—the most rare active-sensibility and self-possession—which were required to give a conductor the necessary moral control over an orchestra, and strongly urging the expediency of his services being engaged permanently at the Philharmonic Concerts, our advice was indignantly rejected and rudely commented upon by the very persons we have lately witnessed rejoicing most in the advantages derived from the Signor's baton! It is well known that before Costa presided over the Philharmonic orchestra, the concerts were *en decadence*, and have considerably revived under his conductorship; yet, in the face of all this, we hear it said that a foreigner ought not to be at the head of the Philharmonic orchestra. Such a doctrine is too absurd to be tolerated. Without the aid of foreign genius, neither the Philharmonic Society nor the Musical Union could survive a couple of seasons. The noblest monument of native talent ever constructed in this country is the splendid orchestra at Covent Garden, consisting of eighty-four performers, seventy-four of whom are Englishmen; being a larger amount of native talent than perhaps was ever known to be engaged in a first-rate London orchestra. English musicians have here much reason to be proud of their matchless union of talent; but let it not be forgotten that there stands proudly at the head of it a foreigner, and it now remains for this fine body of native musicians to secure to the public the permanent advantages of its organisation against all chance of dismemberment. Amateurs are bestirring themselves, and professors are accused of doing nothing for their art; instead of Polkas, let us for our dull, dreary winter's evenings, enjoy the performance of intellectual music by the band and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera, under the magic wand of Signor Costa, at a moderate rate of admission.

THE BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

(From the Spectator.)

Our musical readers, in London at least, scarcely require to be told that this Society was formed, six or seven years ago, by the late Mr. Alsager, an amateur whose ardent love of music was based upon a highly cultivated taste. For many years he was in the habit of entertaining his musical friends with performances of the chamber instrumental compositions of the greatest masters, executed by the most consummate artists in London; and those elegant reunions will long be matter of pleasing and melancholy remembrance to those who shared in their enjoyment. Out of them grew the Beethoven Quartet Society; Mr. Alsager conceiving the idea of doing honour to the memory of the great object of his admiration by affording to a larger circle than could conveniently be assembled at a private party an opportunity of becoming acquainted with masterpieces whose beauty is only equalled by their difficulty, through the medium of a complete and careful performance. Moderate terms of subscription were fixed upon, to remunerate the artists employed, defray the expense of the room, &c. The general management was vested in a committee, and the musical superintendence intrusted to M. Rousselot, a fine violoncellist and accomplished general musician. "Honour to Beethoven" was assumed as the device of the Society, and their proceedings have made good their motto. Their meetings have been attended by a numerous and distinguished circle of amateurs, of whom the fair sex form a large portion. On the lamented death of Mr. Alsager, who personally took the most active share in the management, its chief weight has devolved upon M. Rousselot, whose judicious arrangements and prudent conduct have prevented any interruption to the progressive career of the Society. The season just terminated has been the most successful and brilliant. The concluding meeting, on Monday last, was crowded with the élite of our musical circles.

The "executants" have always been of the highest class. The first and second violins have been Sivori, Vieuxtemps, Joachim, Molique, Sainton, and others of like calibre. On one occasion the first violin was taken by Spohr. The viola and violoncello have constantly been Hill and Rousselot, and no finer quartet-players exist in any country. The performers have prepared themselves by an amount of private study and rehearsal bestowed only by men engaged in labour they delight in, and inspired by real love of art. For some time after the formation of the Society, they confined themselves to the quartets of Beethoven; but during the last two seasons, quartets of Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn have been introduced, though the works of Beethoven furnish the chief part of every programme. Additional variety is thus obtained, quite consistently with the object of the Society; for further honour is done to Beethoven by the comparison of his marvellous productions with those of the most illustrious of his predecessors. The Society has certainly solved the *quæstio vexata* respecting the character of Beethoven's latest quartets, especially those known as "posthumous." The eccentricity, obscurity, caprices of a disordered imagination, and crudities arising from deafness, laid to the charge of those compositions by musicians of weight and authority, are found to have existed only in the erroneous impressions of the hearers, arising partly from imperfect execution, and partly from the difficulty of comprehending a style so remarkable for novelty, depth, and boldness. Played at these meetings with the utmost precision, the nicest attention to every delicacy of meaning and expression, and the fire and feeling of true artists, the posthumous quartets are now listened to with the

utmost delight, and unanimously admitted to transcend all other works of their class.

[Our *resumé* of the present season on the Beethoven Quartet Society will appear next week.—Ed. M. W.]

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Monday night was presented a scene of splendour and enthusiasm that has not been witnessed on the stage for many years. Indeed, we are not aware if Majesty ever before honoured the benefit of an actor with a special command. It was a veritable state command, and no special desire, which after all is but a half-and-half regal compliment.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended in state, with all the appurtenances of a right royal visit. A squadron of the Life Guards accompanied the Queen and party to the theatre, and remained drawn up in Russell Street until their departure from the theatre.

Two of the stage boxes were thrown into one, and a balcony was formed with pillars supported on the stage. On either side of the pillars stood the beef-eaters, armed and habited in the good old highly-ridiculous Elizabethan fashion. Their appearance elicited much amusement and speculative jocosity among the junior branches of the visitors. The boxes were hung with white muslin, which had a very light and elegant appearance.

An immense crowd had assembled at all the entrances, and no sooner were the doors open than a tremendous rush took place which filled the pit, galleries, and upper boxes, in less than five minutes. Among these ardent visitors to Drury Lane, however, there were some who were enticed thither by other motives than love of art, regard for the tragedian, or even royal curiosity. A spirit of envy and malevolence had gone abroad against Mr. Macready for the letter he had written in the *Times* during the late row at Drury Lane, between certain sections of the London stage and Alexandre Dumas' troupe. In that letter Macready had, in an honest and manly manner, stated that he had been received by the French on the occasion of his different visits to their metropolis, after a fashion which excited his most grateful recollection. This note created great animosity against the tragedian, and an opposition party was got up which determined, as far as it could, to darken the brightness of his benefit. The first step was to post bills all over London, on which were printed in large letters, with a significant note of interrogation, "Who plays for Macready?" There could be no mistake about the object of this ruse. Unfortunately, by looking in the Drury Lane bills announcing the performance for Mr. Macready's benefit, the names therein printed proved that the tragedian still retained the love and respect of many of the first names in the list of British artists, and that, consequently, the ill feeling exhibited towards the actor could not have originated from the most respectable class of actors.

Such names as Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Cushman, Mrs. Warner, Miss P. Horton, Miss Jane Mordaunt, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Leigh Murray, Mr. Compton, &c. guaranteed this to the fullest extent.

There is nothing in the present circumstances of the drama, which more lamentably proves the fallen state of theatricals, than to find the greatest living actor attempted to be cried down by members of his own profession, for having done an upright and straight-forward action. Even if the actors who differed from Macready felt they were aggrieved, they should have exhibited their opposition through some less reprehensible means than by endeavouring to hiss

him down on the occasion of his benefit. We feel that actors have strong causes of grievance, arising from the nearly hopeless prospects held out to them by the present dearth of theatrical affairs in this country, and from the neglect shown to the national drama by the higher and wealthier classes, but it is not by acting in the manner above alluded to that they can hope to benefit the stage, or render themselves worthy of notice.

There was no disturbance, or show of opposition previous to the performance. The appearance of the Queen Dowager in a box opposite to that of Her Majesty, was the signal for great cheering; as was subsequently the entrance of the Duchess of Cambridge in a box next to the Queen Dowager's. All eyes were now turned to the royal box, and anon the beef-eaters entered, and took their appointed posts. Her Majesty soon after appeared, and the cheering was tremendous. The curtain rose, and the national anthem was sung by the immortal Braham, Mr. Whitworth, Miss Rainforth, the Misses Williams, and a good choir of voices, which was received with deafening shouts, cries, and clappings. Our old friend, Braham, the instant he was recognised, was received in the most vociferous manner, and his verse was applauded to the skies. The audience were evidently ultra-royal on Monday night. Every point and allusion in the anthem was met with a corresponding cheer, and at the end the applause became quite tumultuous.

After the performance of the anthem, and some time before the curtain rose a disturbance gathered by degrees in the galleries until it grew to a positive uproar. All that the better disposed portion of the audience could do had no effect in lulling the storm. The curtain at length rose but still the yells, hisses, and interrogations continued. Several scenes were acted in dumb show. At last Macready came on, and the tremendous burst of applause with which he was received for a while completely drowned the malcontents. But no sooner had the applause ceased than the oppositionists again began, and carried all before them. At length Macready came forward to the foot-lights, and spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Having obtained permission to address you, I beg to state that I have, I believe, now ascertained the cause of this disturbance, namely, that the gallery is too full. In the course of my life it has been my happy lot to have received many favours from you, but you will add greatly to them, if any person who has paid for admission, and feels inconvenienced, will leave the theatre and take back his money."

These words succeeded in restoring something like order.

Mr. Macready selected for his performance the three first acts of *Henry the Eighth*, concluding with the fall of Cardinal Wolsey, and Colman's comedy of the *Jealous Wife*, compressed into three acts. In the tragedy he was assisted by Miss Cushman, who played Queen Catherine, by Mrs. Nisbett as Anna Bullen, and Mr. Phelps as Henry the Eighth. The play was finely performed throughout, and was received with immense applause. Mr. Macready's Cardinal Wolsey is one of his most artistic performances. It is deeply studied, and is elaborated and finished with the most consummate skill. His last scene is a master-piece of acting.

In the *Jealous Wife* Mr. Macready was admirable. His acting was striking and elegant in the highest degree, and proved what Mrs. Gibbs said when she saw Macready for the first time in the lighter scenes of *Iago*, that he was a downright comedian. His reception in the comedy was not a whit less enthusiastic than in the tragedy.

At the conclusion of the tragedy the national anthem was again played, and excited the same *furor* as at the commencement. Her Majesty then retired amid reiterated plaudits.

It is needless to state that Mr. Macready was called for several times, and that at the end the whole house rose, and cheered him for several minutes.

Apropos of the disturbance on Monday night, we quote from the *Times* of Thursday, a very sensible and direct letter, and one which the reader will find squares entirely with our opinion.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—It is currently reported that several of the parties who drove the company of the Theatre Historique from the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, were likewise instrumental in getting up the disturbance which interrupted the earlier part of the performance on Monday night, the motive for this new "demonstration" being the fact that Mr. Macready had endeavoured by his letter to check the "Monto Cristo" rioters. If this be the case, it is impossible to find words strong enough to stigmatize such conduct. If any one is entitled to the respect of his profession it is the gentleman who took his benefit in the presence of Royalty on Monday last. Surely it must be needless to remind those who clamour so loudly about the national drama, that at a time when a five act play could not be produced at any one theatre in this metropolis, Mr. Macready took Covent Garden, and revived the poetical drama of this country—I will not say merely with its pristine honors, but on a scale of magnificence unknown to this country at any time. Surely one need not remind them of the same system pursued at Drury Lane, nor of the fact that since Mr. Macready has ceased to possess a theatre, the tragic drama has really been homeless, as far as the city of Westminster is concerned. Trials have indeed been made to establish something like a tragic theatre, but these have proved so utterly abortive that it would be absurd to compare them for an instant with the expenditure of intellect and property which marked Mr. Macready's management of the two large establishments. Even those scintillations of legitimacy which have appeared in the suburbs, are but consequences of the example set by Mr. Macready at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. That a "national" party should attack the only man who could hold a tragic company is a solecism in conduct perfectly inexplicable.

"Again, if an attack of the sort could possibly have wanted something to render it perfectly atrocious, the deficiency was completely supplied by the peculiar circumstances of Monday night. Her Majesty was at the theatre in state, was present as the Queen, and ought to have checked any unseemly ebullition even in a good cause, much less a manifestation of absurdity. Mr. Macready was receiving from Royalty an honor which, I believe, was without precedent in the history of his profession. It was "by Her Majesty's command" that Drury Lane was opened, on that one night, for Mr. Macready's benefit. At a moment of great honor, at a moment of great misfortune, a man is more than usually sensitive, and is more likely to be thrown from his equilibrium by any unexpected aggression. To select such a moment for attack would be unworthy even of a conscientious adversary. What can be said if the attack was made under the pretext of "nationality" against a gentleman who has devoted a whole life to the upholding of the national drama?

"Fortunately Mr. Macready was firm enough not to be embarrassed by the unseemly interruption. He never played more finely than as Cardinal Wolsey on Monday night, not only marking out with all its mournfulness the fall of the once-favored statesman, but exhibiting a refinement in the earlier and less prominent portions of the character which we should in vain seek elsewhere. His by-play in the trial-scene, where Wolsey really occupies but a second rank in the picture, is of itself a great work of histrionic art.

"Let us hope, however, that the cause of the disturbance on Monday was misrepresented, and that this was—what you supposed it to be—a mere squabble about seats. If so, no harm is done by these few additional remarks on Mr. Macready's benefit, for when the cap fits nobody, nobody has a right to wear it.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"DRAMATICUS."

We are sadly afraid that the disturbance arose from "no squabble about seats." There were unmistakeable evidences in the expressions from the gallery which puts this out of the question. We only hope that no better brothers of the theatrical profession had hand act or part in this unwise exhibition.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Webster, the enterprising and energetic manager of the Haymarket Theatre, took his benefit on Saturday night, and was honoured with a bumper attendance. The entertainments chosen by Mr. Webster were the play of *The*

Stranger and *The Wonder*. In both these pieces Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean sustained the principal parts, Mr. Webster taking the character of Francis, the faithful servant, in the first.

The *Stranger* was excellently cast, and comprised, in addition to the names of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean and Webster, those of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. W. Farren, and Miss P. Horton.

The performance of the *Stranger* by Mr. Charles Kean was admirable and extremely touching. The scene with his friend where he relates the loss of his wife, was given with great power and truth, and the last scene with Mrs. Haller left scarcely a dry eye in the house. Of Mrs. Charles Kean's Mrs. Haller it would be impossible to speak in extravagant terms of eulogy. A more real, natural portraiture of woman's suffering and patience, or one more harmoniously blended in all its lights and shades we have seldom witnessed on the stage. The performance was listened to with manifestations of ecstatic delight, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, as well as Mr. Webster, were called for at the end and received with immense cheering.

Of the *Wonder* it is unnecessary to say more than that it was played with infinite spirit by all the performers, and that it kept the audience in a state of mirthful excitation from beginning to end.

We were much pleased to see the house so well and fashionably attended. Mr. Webster deserves the support of all classes for the untiring energy and zeal he has displayed in the cause of the legitimate drama. We trust that, in the end, his exertions may be crowned with success.

LYCEUM.—One of the most laughable farces we have seen for some time was produced at this theatre on Wednesday, under the whimsical title of *Poor Pillicoddy*. It is taken from a French piece called *Une femme a deux maris*, but has undergone considerable alterations in its transfer from the French to the English language. The plot may be thus briefly told.

Poor Pillicoddy, a seedsman, (Mr. Buckstone), is married to a certain Mrs. O'Scuttle (Miss Emma Howard), the widow, as she represents herself, of a certain Captain O'Scuttle, who has been reported drowned, but whose body has never been found. Poor Pillicoddy is of a nervous temperament, and of a timid nature. He loves his wife with all the doating fondness of a seedsman, and somehow it occurs to him that the Captain's body not having been found, the Captain himself may turn up some day and wrench Mrs. Pillicoddy from his loving arms. At last, sure enough, Captain O'Scuttle does turn up, and coming to Poor Pillicoddy, forthwith demands the restoration of his lawful spouse. As Lord Byron says of Laura in *Beppo*, when the Mussalman in the gondola declares himself her husband,

"Much wonder paints the lady's changing cheek,"

so, without much parody, may be sung of our friend the seedsman,

"Much wonder paints Poor Pilly's changing cheek,"

when the Captain declares himself the true husband of Mrs. Pillicoddy, and claims reinstatement of his lawful possession. But the man of vegetables has animal blood in his veins, and hot blood too, for valiantly does he do battle for the partner of his couch, and refuse delivery of his household goods. A very comic scene occurs between Pillicoddy and Captain Scuttle, which was capitally acted by Mr. Buckstone and Mr. H. Hall, in which each insists on his right to Mrs. Pillicoddy. All matters are arranged happily in the end, it being discovered that the living Captain is not the defunct Captain, only a rela-

tion; and that the wife he seeks is not Pillicoddy's wife, but his own veritable better-half, who is stopping with Mrs. Pillicoddy. The piece met with the greatest success, and was announced for repetition every night until further notice.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This theatre opened on Wednesday last under the new management, with two new pieces called the *Provisional Government* and the *Bal Masqué*, from the pen of Mr. Stocqueler; *Monsieur Jacques*, revived for Wigan, and *Forty and Fifty*. The house was full in spite of the counter attraction of the Chiswick Fête, Mr. Mitchell's benefit at the St. James's Theatre, and a new piece by Mr. Morton at the Lyceum. Nothing could go off better than did the performances as a whole. Wigan's *Monsieur Jacques* was as good as Morris Barnett's, and it is impossible for criticism to offer it a more thorough praise. Not that it was at all a copy. On the contrary, it offered many points of very distinctive difference. Somewhat harder in general conception, it was more refined in its detail, and the more complete assumption of the Frenchman made amends for a certain inferiority in some of the more pathetic portions of the character. It was an able and artistic histrionic picture, and such as very few English artists could now place upon the stage. The *Provisional Government* is a whimsical French plot, very ably adapted. Mr. Young, who filled the principal part, that of an actor who represents the prime minister of a bankrupt German prince, acted well; and a Miss Marsh, we believe an actress of no very old standing, displayed some talent, and a handsome face, greatly to the advantage of the piece. Indeed the new management has collected a greater number of prettier faces than are generally to be met with on the boards of a minor theatre, and this will prove no small element in its success. Miss L. George, who acted with Wigan in *Monsieur Jacques*, is lady-like and very interesting, but her qualifications are as yet those of a mere novice. Miss Forrester, another debutante, who made her appearance in *Forty and Fifty*, as Jessie, is piquant, clever, and will infallibly succeed in the line of business she has chosen. She is indisputably the best of the female novelties in the theatre. Altogether, the new management has every reason to be satisfied with the success and laughter which attended its opening night. The *Bal Masqué* is a clever sketch, terminating in a polka. It was, like the first piece, triumphantly successful.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The present company is decidedly in high favor amongst the frequenters of this theatre, the houses are filled every night, and shouts of laughter testify the public approbation of the entertainments. Those who look upon the theatre as a place of relaxation, should profit by the present opportunity; we have laughed a good deal in our time, but we are not ashamed to own that we never gave such a loose to our risible faculties as we have done since the arrival of Messrs. Ravel, Sainville, and Grassot. Unfortunately they are about to leave us, therefore let us profit by the present opportunity, and laugh while we may. *L'Almanack des 25,000 adresses*, the Court Guide of Paris, had an extraordinary run at the theatre of the Palais Royal, where we are told it was played more than a hundred consecutive nights. Our opinion is that it will never attain to any high degree of favor in this country. A succession of practical jokes in three acts, is too much of a joke; the English adapter at the Lyceum has acted wisely in cutting it down to a much smaller compass, and on this account, *Which Mr. Smith?* is certainly a better piece than the original. The only good scene, which is, indeed, a very good one, is that in the third act, when M. Grassot disguises himself as Pan, playing on the flute; it created much

merriment, and reconciled us in a measure to the tediousness of the remainder. *L'enfant de quelqu'un*, turns upon the adventures of a gentleman in search of a father. Angel is about to be married, but at the eleventh hour, his future uncle discovers that he is a natural son; he refuses his niece's hand in consequence, and allows our hero two hours to find out his progenitor. In his endeavours to do so, he falls into some awkward mistakes, brings to light many secrets, and at last succeeds in discovering that the young lady's uncle is his own father. Of course matters are arranged to the satisfaction of the parties. As usual, Messrs. Ravel and Sainville drew down roars of laughter, the whole house seemed to be in convulsions.

On Wednesday, Mr. Mitchell, the spirited lessee of this establishment, took his benefit. We have again and again urged the claims which Mr. Mitchell has on the gratitude of the lovers of the French drama, and need not again enter upon this subject; suffice it to say that the reunion of Wednesday, taking it as an index of the gratitude of the patrons of this theatre, was of a most favorable character, and must have been highly flattering to the feelings of the lessee. The house presented an appearance of dazzling brilliancy—rank, fashion, and beauty uniting to pay tribute to the worthiest and most enterprising of theatrical managers. Four new pieces were produced on this occasion, never before played at the St. James', two of which we recognised from having seen them in an English garb; these are *L'Invent de la Poudre*, played at the Princess's under the title of *Barber Bravo*, and *Le Jeune homme pressé*, played at the Lyceum, under we know not what title, by Mr. Charles Mathews. [This by the way is worth considering by the brawling partisans who have lately displayed their stupid jealousy of foreign talent to such conspicuous advantage.]

Le Jeune homme pressé is an antithesis between two individuals, the one, Dardard (played by M. Ravel), the other, Colardeau (played by M. Alcide Tousez); the former is wide awake to all the ins-and-outs of this world; the other sleeps and thinks of nothing but amusements. Between the two is an old fellow who has a daughter, and she becomes the reward of the sharp-witted Gascon, who is always in a hurry, never puts off the execution of an idea to the morrow, and even goes so far as to knock the old gentleman up at two in the morning in order to ask his daughter's hand in marriage, and comes back at four to order forty thousand pairs of gloves. The situations are excellent, and the admirable acting of Messrs. Ravel, Sainville, and Tousez excited roars of laughter. *Le Caporal et la Paysane* is another of those humorous productions which depend mainly for success on the exertions of the actors, and in this case they acquitted themselves to our perfect satisfaction. Any account of the piece is quite beside our powers of analysis; we only pity those, who like a hearty laugh, that they were not present to enjoy one. The inimitable Carlotta Grisi and the inimitable Perrot danced in their own inimitable style that most entraining and delicious of all possible *pas de caractere*, the *Tarantella*. A slight mishap occurred to *la divina* Carlotta in the shape of a fall, caused by the stage having but recently been flooded with water. She however regained her feet with the rapidity of lightning and the ease of a squirrel, courageously set at nought the pains, and won the enthusiastic plaudits of the whole house by her incomparable grace and agility. Altogether the *tarantella* was one of the most exquisitely perfect specimens of characteristic dancing we ever beheld—which was not to be wondered at since Carlotta and Perrot were the interpreters.

J. de C.

CONCERTS.

HERR GOLLMICK and Mr. BLACKSHAW'S CONCERT, on Wednesday evening, at Blagrove's Rooms, was crowdedly attended. The programme provided by these gentlemen contained various excellent pieces, of which several were encored. Lenschow's band played the "Freyschutz" overture in good style, and in lieu of the overture to a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, inserted in the programme, a *polpourri* from *La Fille du Regiment* was substituted, which was vociferously encored. The Misses Williams received a well-merited encore in W. H. Holmes' pleasing duet, "The Swiss Maidens," and Miss A. Williams received the same compliment in a bravura song, "I dare not sing;" by Auber. Mr. Sims Reeves was in excellent voice, giving very effectively Beethoven's "Adelaide," and "Spirito gentil" (*La Favorita*). Mr. Hausmann played his Swiss fantasia with all the taste and energy with which we have been accustomed to hear it from this accomplished violoncellist. Mr. Boleyn Reeves displayed considerable execution on the harp in a fantasia introducing the popular melodies, "If o'er the boundless sky," by Molique, and "Cooling Zephyrs," by Schubert. The principal attraction, as a solo, was Herr Gollmick's fantasia on Thalberg's *La Straniera*, Op. 9, which he executed with great effect. He afterwards gave a romance of his own, "Gage d'amitié," a composition of merit, approaching in style, the *Lieder ohne Worte*. We cannot say so much in favour of his waltz, "Souvenir de Boulogne," as it does not step above mediocrity. We congratulate Mr. Blackshaw on the success he deservedly obtained in a pianoforte trio, by A. Fesca, accompanied by Herr Schulz (violin), and Herr Nute (violoncello). Mr. Blackshaw has a clear touch, and neat execution, which told with considerable effect in this clever trio. Fesca's works deserve to be better known in this country. The concert gave general satisfaction.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN ROE'S Musical Evening took place as far back as June the 14th. Mr. and Mrs. John Roe were omitted from our columns only from necessity. We are willing to do justice to all parties, but the *Musical World* contains no more than sixteen pages, and in the season's height some of the concert-givers must bide their turn, as we cannot put them all into this narrow space.

Mr. and Mrs. John Roe engaged for their concert the following vocal and instrumental co-operatives: first, vocal, Miss Isabella Taylor, Miss Rowland, and Miss Sarah Harris, with Mr. Turner and Mr. Calkin: instrumental—piano, Miss Roe, and bassoon, Mr. Winterbottom.

The selection was really excellent, and reflected infinite credit on the combined tastes of Mr. and Mrs. John Roe—for we cannot think of separating them. Mr. John Roe opened the feast with an organ concerto of Corelli—a quaint and dusty composition, though full of something that demanded admiration; Mr. John Roe also played an organ solo of Rink's, which met with much applause. Also played he, Mr. John Roe, with Miss Roe, (her first appearance in public) a grand duet of Herz for two pianos; and eke played he, Mr. John Roe, *horresco referens*, an obligato accompaniment on Siccamo's diatonic flute, to Mrs. John Roe's performance of "O dolce concerto" on the pianoforte; and likewise and moreover sang Mr. John Roe the bass part in the trio from the *Mount of Olives*, "My soul with rage." From all which corollaries it follows as naturally as the tail does the sun-removed side of a comet, that Mr. John Roe, independent of Mrs. John Roe, is multi-talented, seeing that he plays like three gentlemen at once on the organ, the piano, and the flute, that he sings bass, and that he brings pupils before the public.

Mrs. John Roe's talent, as far as the concert-room is concerned, is simply confined to vocalisation; and she sings meritoriously. Of the other singers we have nothing especial to record, and can merely add that the concert of Mr. and Mrs. John Roe appeared to give general satisfaction.

MADAME UCCELLI'S CONCERT took place on Monday morning, the 3rd of July, at Coulon's elegant rooms, in Great Marlborough Street. The attendance was select. Madame Uccelli commenced her concert with Mademoiselle Uccelli, her daughter, who sang a barcarole of her mother's composition, an aria of Donizetti's, and a duet with Madame Sabatier, also the composition of Madame Uccelli. Madame Uccelli, who did nothing in the concert but compose, was assisted by Mdlle. Cruvelli, Madame Sabatier, Mdlle. Uccelli, Madame Dulcken (piano), Signor Gardoni, Signor Tamburini, M. Sainton (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). The concert, so studded with excellent artists, was naturally an attractive one, and, as the saying is, afforded universal satisfaction. The most admired items of the entertainment were Mdlle. Cruvelli's aria from the *Anna Bolena*, and the most interesting after the performances of the *beneficiaire*, Madame Sabatier's "Ma Brunette," and "Benedetta;" Gardoni's romanza, "Angiol d'Amore," from the *Favorita*; Tamburini's "Non piu Andrai;" M. Sainton's solo on the violin; and Signor Piatti's ditto on the violoncello. The conductors were Messrs. Pilotti, Biletta, and Desanges.

MESSRS. HENRY AND RICHARD BLAGROVE'S QUARTET and Solo Concert took place on Wednesday evening, the 28th of June, at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the immediate patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester. The following was the scheme of the performance:—

PART I.

- Quartett, No. 9, in C major (dedicated to Count Rasoumofsky), for two violins, viola, and violoncello—in four movements, Introduction, Allegro Vivace, Andante, Menuetto and Trio, and Fuga Allegro molto—Messrs. Henry Blagrove, Cooper, Richard Blagrove, and Lucas *Beethoven.*
Romance—"Though clouds by tempests," Miss Wallace, (*Der Freischütz*) *Weber.*
New Fantasia—Concertina, on Airs from *Linda di Chamouni*, Mr. Richard Blagrove *R. Blagrove.*
Cavatina—"Ah! pareo che per incanto," Madame Mortier de Fontaine (*Anna Bolena*) *Donizetti.*
Second Air, with variations—Violin, Mr. Richd. Blagrove *H. Blagrove.*
Scene—Mr. John Parry *John Parry.*

PART II.

- Duetto—"Vanne se Alberghi," Misses Wallace & Bassano *Mercadante.*
Concertante Duet for Two Violins—Mr. Henry Blagrove and Mr. Cooper *Spohr.*
Song—"The first Violet," Miss Duval *Mendelssohn.*
Aria—"Se m' abbandonai," Miss Bassano *Mercadante.*
Double Quartett, No. 3, in E minor, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos (in four movements—Introduction and Allegro—Andante con variazione—Scherzo, Allegro—and Finale, Allegro molto), Messrs. Henry Blagrove, Cooper, Richard Blagrove, Lucas, Dando, William Blagrove, Weslake, and Hancock *Spohr.*

Beethoven's Quartet was rendered with great precision and delicacy. We have seldom indeed heard this fine work more effectively interpreted. In the performance of classical music Mr. Henry Blagrove has few superiors. He plays with the utmost correctness and refinement, with admirable judgment, and a thorough insight into the meaning of his composer. As a violinist, it is too late now to discuss the merits of this accomplished performer, who has long held a foremost position among European players. With two such violinists as Bla-

grove and Cooper, the quartet could hardly have failed to have gone off with *eclat*, even had it not boasted in its performance the co-operation of two such admirable artists as Richard Blagrove (who is already second only to Hill as an English tenor) and Lucas. The assistance of Mr. Cooper was of the greatest possible advantage in the complete execution of Beethoven's composition.

Weber's romance was sung by Miss Wallace with fervid expression.

Mr. Richard Blagrove, on the concertina, elicited rapturous plaudits from all parts of the room. His performance on this peculiar instrument is quite *unique*, but we like him better in the more legitimately-musical *viola*.

The cavatina of Madame Mortier de Fontaine was a careful and artistic performance. But such essentially dramatic inspirations lose all their point off the stage, and the cavatina itself is not particularly striking.

The air with variations exhibited Mr. Henry Blagrove in another schol of playing. In this we found great mechanical excellence, and a facility in overcoming the difficulties of the instrument which were not demanded in the quartet.

John Parry's song—wonderful to relate—was encored. Why it was so, we could not make out. Whether it was that the audience liked John Parry best, or that they preferred John Parry's song, we have no means of informing the reader.

In the second part, Spohr's duet was deliciously played by Blagrove and Cooper, and created a great sensation. The double quartet, which concluded the performance, was an admirable climax.

The rooms were much crowded, and the concert passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned. Mr. Wallace and Mr. Charles Blagrove, officiated as accompanists to the vocal music.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I perceive in a notice of Miss Anichini's concert, in one of your late numbers, a mistake has occurred in the name of the maker of the pianoforte used on the occasion by Mdlle. Guénée. I beg to inform you that the "silver-toned" instrument was of Erard's make; and, in justice to the establishment, I trust you will be kind enough to rectify the error in your next.—I am, Sir, A SUBSCRIBER.

June 24th, 1848.

KEYS AND MODULATION.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Permit me to offer to your notice the following "errata" to my letter on "Keys and Modulation," which had the honor of insertion in the *Musical World*:—

10th line—for	simple	read	single.
2	which	"	into.
28	scale of C	"	interval from C to E.
58	track	"	touch.

The removal of these merely typographical errors will render the phrases connected with them a little more intelligible. I shall be the more obliged by your doing this, as I fear, in the rapid and hastily concocted answer to my friend, French Flowers, I have need of much indulgence. If the following remarks, as a rider, are acceptable, they are very much at your service:—In modulating from one key to another, we find there are but two kinds, viz., modulation *in the key and mode*, and modulation *out of the key and mode*. To accomplish the first the progression will require merely those tones and semitones which belong naturally to that key or mode. To modulate *out of the key and mode*, it is necessary, in the course of the progression, to introduce some accidental sharp or flat which is characteristic of, or essential to, the new key or mode. The most simple species of modulation is that which is produced by alternate progressions from the tonic to the dominant, and from the dominant to the tonic. Simple as this appears to be, it is far from being destitute of variety or beauty, as an infinite variety of har-

monious combinations may be had by the various changes and modifications of which these chords are susceptible, by diatonic suspensions and interruptions, and from chromatic species. The most complete species of modulation remaining in key and mode is that which allows all the other degrees of the diatonic scale to carry the same chords and take the same progressions as the key-note itself. To modulate out of the key and mode, it is only requisite that any degree of the scale, except the fifth, be made so as to carry a dominant seventh, as leading chord to a perfect cadence, or, of course, some inversion of it, in the new key and mode. To effect this, two ways of doing it present themselves—*naturally* or *abruptly*. Naturally, according to the affinity between the different keys and modes; abruptly, by deviating from the order or natural transition by a sudden modulation to those keys which are more remote, and consequently more distantly related. Innumerable examples of the various ways of effecting varied, beautiful, and surprising changes in modulation are to be found in every theoretical work on harmony; but the best study is that which arises from a close and careful attention to those sublime and beautiful transitions which occur in *actual practice*, when the great works of the great masters are being performed. Isolated examples may show the mere mechanism of the art: but the development of the master-mind of a genius like Beethoven will only be in the grasp of those whose minds are absorbed in the delivery of works, which seem destined to be for ages the envy and despair of all mankind. One word more:—

Before entering upon modulation it is essentially necessary that the student makes himself perfectly acquainted with *essential* and *accidental* chords. There are but these two general classes. Essential chords may be said to be those which are the fundamental concord and discord, while accidental chords are those which arise from the various modifications of the essential ones, produced by diatonic interruptions and suspensions. Add to these the various species of the chromatic, and one has a view of a system of the laws of harmony, in which every chord, and the proper succession of chords, is clearly defined—the rules of which, when applied practically, produce modulation, counterpoint, &c., &c.

I have the honor to be, &c., WILLIAM ASPULL.

HAYDN'S QUARTETS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I purposed replying some time ago to the letter of a "subscriber" which appeared in the *Musical World* of the 20th instant, requesting information relative to the arrangement of the numbers of these works as generally known by the public, but I had no leisure to do so, and not finding an answer given to the inquiry by any of your numerous contributors in the last week's number, I take up my pen to give the desired information, I hope in time for insertion in this week's journal, and which I believe a "subscriber" will find correct.

The edition of the Eighty-three Quartets, (the whole which the immortal Haydn ever produced) was published in a progressive order by Pleyel of Paris, many years since, and this I believe was the only complete edition extant until Messrs. Monro and May, of Holborn Bars, published a new and splendid corrected copy of it some seven or eight years ago. This edition is therefore the one corresponding with the numbers alluded to by a "subscriber" as performed at the various concerts, and moreover a thematic catalogue is given on the frontispiece of the work. I purchased a copy of the first impressions of the collection from the publishers (whom I sincerely hope have been well repaid for the immense outlay attending such a voluminous work) soon after it appeared, and a truly valuable treasure I consider it.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,
Penzance, May 31st, 1848. WILLIAM HEMMINGS.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"The Pearl of England;" JULLIEN'S celebrated *Valses à Deux Temps*. No. 5. Composed, and dedicated to HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, by JULLIEN. JULLIEN and Co., Regent Street.

THIS number of Jullien's "*Valses à Deux Temps*" not only bids fair to surpass in popularity all the composer's dances of the kind, but all the "*Valses à Deux Temps*" that have hitherto been written, though their name be legion, and their concoctors include great names appertaining to music indited for the "light fantastic toe." Jullien indeed has the rare tact of seizing subjects for his dances which are at the same time striking and simple. In the *valsés* before us we have airs exceedingly catching and new, marked with admirable emphasis, and so sparkling and full of spirit, that they would excite old Eremita himself to leave his cell and pirouette on the grass. The above "*Valtzes*" have already made their way to the *salons* of the most fashionable houses in London,

and have delighted the ears of Royalty itself. Jullien's "*Original Polka*," and Jullien's "*Olga Waltz*," and Jullien's many other *Polkas* and *Waltzes* have had their run of popularity, but all are likely to be lost in the lustre of the "*Valses à Deux Temps*," which have been dedicated to Her Most Gracious Majesty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIVIER IN MANCHESTER.—The success of this accomplished and wonderful horn-player on Thursday, at a concert in Manchester, was quite unprecedented. The particulars, which arrived too late from our correspondent, shall be given in our next.

HER MAJESTY had a private soiree on Wednesday evening last. The artists who were commanded to assist, were Madame Lonzano and Mr. Burdini (vocalists); Herr Schenck (guitar), and Herr Blumenthal (pianoforte). Herr Blumenthal had the honor to perform two of his new compositions, "*Le Révé*" and "*La Source*," and to "*improvise*" on the anthem expressly commanded by Her Majesty, viz., "*God save the Queen*." Her Majesty's private band was in attendance, and Mr. Anderson presided.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—We understand that the preparations at the Royal Italian Opera for her Majesty's command night on Thursday, are on a scale of great magnificence. The royal box will be fitted in the centre of the house, and occupy the space of eight boxes, viz., four in the grand and four in the first tier, the front projecting some distance over the pit. In addition to this, the theatre generally will be beautifully decorated for the occasion.

JENNY LIND—THE ITALIAN COMPANY.—(From the *Dublin Evening Packet*.)—We regret to announce that all Mr. Calcraft's exertions to induce the "*Swedish Nightingale*" to visit this city, have been unavailing. He has just returned from London after failing in his negotiation, as the terms she demanded were ridiculously enormous, that even our spirited Lessee dared not dream of complying therewith. However we are much gratified in being enabled to state that Mr. Calcraft has succeeded in effecting an engagement with a first-rate Italian company, who will make their first appearance on the 29th of August. When we inform our readers that Grisi and Mario will form part of this company, we are confident it will mitigate their regret for the absence of Jenny Lind.

M. JACQUES HERZ, the well-known pianist and composer, is among our recent arrivals from Paris. As the Republic seems to have decidedly quarrelled with art and artists, we understand it is M. J. Herz's intention to establish himself in London, and give lessons on the pianoforte. We are sorry for the cause, but on the other hand are flattered by the preference given us.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.—Mr. Beard, Jun., the son of the eminent patentee of the Photographic process, has during the past few days been honored with sittings by the various distinguished individuals who took part in the Marchioness of Londonderry's "*Quadrille of the Kings and Queens of England*," danced at Drury Lane on Friday last, and at Holderness House on Tuesday evening. The accuracy and minuteness with which Mr. Beard, through the aid of his newly-invented process, has been enabled to depict every detail in the various magnificent costumes worn by the respective characters, is perfectly surprising. The white or light portions—the beautiful lace or brilliant jewels—do not now, as heretofore, appear one opaque chalky mass on the plate; they are produced with their light and shade perfect; and, judging from the specimens submitted to us, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them superior to anything of the kind we have before seen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will Mr. WILLIAM CURTIS, the tenor, oblige us by leaving his address at the Musical World Office, 60, St. Martin's Lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

COOP'S Six Admired Compositions—L' Adieu, Nocturne, Barcarolle, La Reverie (Caprice), Grand Valse, and Second Nocturne; J. B. CRAMER'S Sans fracas (a new Nocturne), and Musical Sketch Book, from the works of eminent Composers. Czerny's Fantasia on Airs in "La Fille du Regiment," Diabelli's Airs in "La Figlia," books 1 and 2; Dohler's "1 Puritani," in three numbers; and Osborne's La Pluie de perles (Valse brillante).

PIANOFORTE DUETS.

Beethoven's Mount of Olives, books 1 and 2, by Calcott; Donizetti's La Figlia, books 1 and 2, Watts; and Caterina Cornaro, by Watts. Mozart's Third and Twelfth Masses, by Dr. Crotch. Verdi's 1 Lombardi, books 1 and 2, Watts; and Nabucodonosor, books 1 and 2, by Diabelli.

Published by R. MILLS, (late Birchall,) 140, New Bond Street.

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Valuable Cremona Violins & other Musical Instruments

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PUTTICK & SIMPSON,

(Successors to Mr. FLETCHER), Auctioneers of Music and Literary Property, will SELL BY AUCTION, at their Great Room, 191, Piccadilly, on Wednesday, July 26th, at One o'clock, most punctually, a collection of valuable Music; also Violins, by Joseph Guarnerius, Amati, Antonius Stradivarius, Ruggerius; Tenors, by Bergoni, &c.; Violoncellos, by Guadagnani, &c.; a Double Bass, by Gaspar da Salo; a Double-action Harp, and other Musical Instruments.—Catalogues will be sent on application.



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W. MITCHISON, referring to the above, would earnestly solicit from the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, with whom he has so long done business, a continuance of their support for the NEW FIRM; the practical knowledge of the Business, which he has acquired from his connexion with the Music Trade in Glasgow for twenty-three years, together with the strict attention given by the other parties connected with Mitchison and Co., those favouring them with their commands may rely on their being properly and strictly attended to.

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MITCHISON and Co., will, at all times, be happy to give the requisite information, and afford facilities to parties visiting Scotland professionally. Their NEW PREMISES being situated in the best part of the principal thoroughfare, and still the FASHIONABLE PLACE OF CALL, are very eligible for giving information to the Public, and for the sale of Tickets, &c. &c.

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Glasgow, 1st, July, 1848.

ITALY (Oh! Lovely Land!)

A PATRIOTIC SONG,

Written and Composed by MARY and VINCENT NOVELLO.

Price 2s.

J. ALFRED NOVELLO, 69, Dean Street, Soho, and 24, Poultry, London.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

M. THALBERG

HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE THAT HIS

GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place in the Great Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre.

On Monday Morning, July the 17th, 1848,

And will be supported by the Talent of

MAD LLE. JENNY LIND.

PROGRAMME.

Duetto, Sig. GARDONI and BELLETTI, "Venti Scudi," (<i>Elisire</i>)	Donizetti.
Canzone, Sig. COLLETTI, "Se la vita,"	Tadolini.
Fantasia on Subjects from <i>Don Pasquale</i> , (by desire)	Thalberg.
Duetto, Sig. COLLETTI and LABLACHE, "D'un bell' uso,"	
(<i>Turco in Italia</i>)	Rossini.
Grand Scena from <i>Der Freyschutz</i> , Mdle. JENNY LIND,	Weber.
Cavatina, Sig. BELLETTI, "Il mio piano," (<i>Gazza Ladra</i>)	Rossini.
Barcarolle, (first time of performance)	Thalberg.
Romanza, Sig. GARDONI, (<i>Favorita</i>)	Donizetti.
La Lezione di Canto, Mdle. JENNY LIND and Sig. LABLACHE	Fioravanti.
New Tarentella,	Thalberg.
Grand Terzetto, Sig. BELLETTI, COLLETTI, and LABLACHE,	
"Pensa e guarda," (<i>Margherita d'Anjou</i>)	Meyerbeer.
Fantasia on Subjects from <i>Lucrezia Borgia</i>	Thalberg.

Mdle. JENNY LIND will also sing the celebrated

SWEDISH MELODIES.

M. THALBERG will have the honour to accompany Mdle. JENNY LIND on the Pianoforte.

The Doors will open at One, and the Concert commence at Two o'clock.

Applications for Tickets to be made at the Box-Office.

MAD LLE. JENNY LIND.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed, that a

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

WILL TAKE PLACE

On THURSDAY NEXT, JULY the 20th, 1848,

On which occasion

MAD LLE. JENNY LIND

Will have the honor to appear in one of

HER FAVORITE CHARACTERS;

To be followed by various Entertainments in the

BALLET DEPARTMENT,

Combining the talents of

Mdle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mdle. CAROLINA ROSATI, Mdle. MARIE TAGLIONI, Mdle. CERITO, &c. &c.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

†† Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Box-office of the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each, where applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls, and Tickets are to be made.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

BY COMMAND.

On THURSDAY NEXT, July 20th, 1848, by Command of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

Will be performed, for the first Time, MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera,

LES HUGUENOTS.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS BY

Madame C. CASTELLAN,

Madame PAULINE VIARDOT,

Mademoiselle A. LEBONI,

Madame BELLINI,

Signor TAGLIAFICO,

Signor LUIGI MEI,

Signor L. AVIA,

Signor SOLDI,

Signor POLO NINI,

Signor RACHE,

Signor TALAMO,

Signor MARIO,

Signor MARINI,

AND

Signor TAMBURINI.

The Scenery by Messrs. GRIEVE and TELBIN.

The Dresses by Mrs. BAILEY and Madame MARZIO.

The Appointments by Mr. BLAMIRE.

The Machinery by Mr. ALLEN.

The Dances by Monsieur APPIANI.

The Spectacle arranged by Mr. A. HARRIS.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

WITH OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS,

The particulars of which will be duly announced.

To the New Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

The Performances will commence at EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes to be obtained at the Box-Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Libraries and Music-Sellers.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 18th, 1848,

Will be performed DONIZETTI'S Opera,

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Lucia Mad. PERSIANI.

(Being her first appearance this Season in that Character, of which she was the Original Representative.)

Alisa Mad. BELLINI.

Enrico Sig. TAMBURINI.

(His first appearance in that Character at the Royal Italian Opera.)

Edgardo Mons. ROGER.

(His First Appearance since his return from the Continent.)

Raimondo Sig. POLONINI.

Arturo Sig. SOLDI.

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Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

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